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gren, and George thought that waiving his right would only be an injury to himself, to which he was willing for the present to submit, for the sake of his brother and of Gertrude. But Helena thought differently; she saw no magnanimity in the forbearance, but only huge injustice to herself. Of course she prevails; Dionysius goes into voluntary exile, and Gertrude dies of her own feeble heart and silly vanity.

The Indian Brothers. Facts and authentic Sketches illustrative of Eastern Manners and Character, as connected with the Progress of Christianity in India. 18mo.—

Dublin, W. Curry, Jun. and Co.

To those, and they are many, who feel a devout interest for the state of the Christian religion in India, we earnestly recommend this book. Were it a work of fiction, executed upon the plan of a novel or romance, it might be indeed better adapted to the general taste, even in these countries where religion bears so exalted a name. For we observe, with regret, that even in the religious world, publications purely imaginative, that exhibit the influence of speculative doctrines upon practical life, are more sought after and relished, than such as detail interesting facts, unembellished by fancy, and from which the simplest mind may draw inferences as far transcending in real utility those uncertain conclusions deduced from works of fiction, as truth stands out in solid and permanent beauty, when compared with the elegant but fleeting combinations of the poet's creation.—To those who feel a strong, enduring, and personal interest in religion, as an active principle, operating not only on themselves, but in its benevolent consequences upon those whose position in life demands their assistance, the morbid tone of unmeaning sentiment, frequently fanatical and uncharitable, which pervades such works, will appear calculated to operate injuriously, rather than to improve the mind of the reader.

We hail with much pleasure any work coming from a trust-worthy pen, that substitutes fact for fiction, on the all-important subject of religion; and we welcome with sincere satisfaction the little work now before us, as the first of the kind, which contains nothing but truth, and truth of a most interesting character. There are few subjects of which we know less, yet of which we are anxious to know more, than the positive state of religion in India, and the character, manners, dispositions, and prejudices of its inhabitants. This was one of the many circumstances which render Heber's Journal so deeply interesting. To those, however, who would wish a very brief and clear account of the whole matter, we recommend the volume before us. It is the production of a man who has seen what he describes, and whose details rest for their authenticity, not upon mere assertion, but on public and accredited documents. There are many circumstances in it new to the reader, related too in a pleasing and graphic style, and such as cannot fail to interest every one who loves picturesque and forcible description of a country remarkable for its gorgeous magnificence of scenery.

The short history of Sabet and Abdallah is very touching, but for a development of character under most interesting circumstances, we shall quote the meeting of the Brothers.

“At length he arrived at his destination, under circumstances of no ordinary interest; he sought out and found the object of his solicitude, to whom the visit was pleasing, as it was unexpected. The greetings of fraternal affection after a separation of nearly twenty years; the recollections of boyhood; the endearments of youth; the many vicissitudes of the parental and family circle; the various and conflicting incidents characteristic of the history of each brother; the entirely new and opposite position in which each was placed; the change of sentiments and pursuits which set them so far apart; the delicate situation of guest and entertainer which they occupied, constrained each party, impatient as they were for the conflict, to indulge a pause of hesitation, tenderness and concern. But this could not last long: two days passed over, still the signal had not been displayed, though each belligerent seemed willing to avail himself of the delay as an opportunity to scrutinize the character of his antagonist, and if possible to detect the vulnerable point on which the assault should be made. In these two short days over how many years did they traverse, how many scenes did they recall, and how rapid the progress both made in the knowledge of each other! Again did they seek the haunts of their early days, again did they listen to a parent's voice; and while gazing upon each other's altered visage, again did they remember that the same mother bore them, the same arms embraced them, and the same affection cherished their healthful and watched over their sickly days: that they were bone of each other's bone, and flesh of each other's flesh; and again, as at the first, they fell upon each other's neck and embraced and wept.”

Our limits prevent us from giving further details, but we willingly recommend this little work. The scenes, the persons, the subject, in short the whole matter are new, and managed, though so briefly, with simplicity, truth and talent.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

FINE ARTS—Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part II.—Tilt, London.

In our notice of the first part of this charming work, we ventured a prediction that the succeeding parts would exhibit still greater beauty, and our expectations have not, in this instance, been disappointed. The first plate represents a distant view of Skiddaw, from the pencil of Dewint. The subject is wild and picturesque, and treated with admirable truth and feeling. The second plate, Dunottar Castle, by Daniel, is a still finer subject, treated with much truth and beauty, but yet not, we think, with that vigour of effect, which a subject of such sublimity required. The quantity of light in the sky is injudicious, and the foreground rocks want force and richness. In the third plate, Loch Ard, we have a beautiful and characteristic specimen of Robson's happiest powers—a mountain lake, reflecting as in a mirror the various objects by which it is environed. It is admirably harmonious in the lines, and full of sentiment in the effect: serene, but not languid or monotonous; sober, but not gloomy; silent, but not sad: a poetical feeling of beauty and repose is breathed over the whole composition, and the burin of the engraver appears to have done it ample justice. In the fourth plate, the Waste of Cumberland, by Copley Field-

ing, we have a subject in every respect a contrast to the preceding, except in the admirable skill with which it is depicted. The one soothes us with its tranquil beauty, while the dreary sterility of the other makes us shudder; and yet to a true lover of nature they will give equal pleasure. Mr. Fielding is, perhaps, of all the living landscape painters, only second to Turner in the versatility of his powers.—He is equally himself in a pastoral woodland, or on a rocky mountain, in a storm at sea, or in a calm—in a luxuriant garden, or on a barren heath. Nature is equally familiar to him under every aspect which she assumes, and he imitates her in every variety with equal truth and feeling. A man of genius alone could hope to give interest to such a subject as that which has called forth these observations, a bleak and desolate flat, without an object to break the horizon, but a small cottage and a blasted tree bending in the wind! Such are the materials of which it is composed, and to which the skill and poetic feeling of the artist have given an exciting interest, not inferior to that which we should receive from a subject of the most luxuriant or romantic beauty. But we are exceeding our limits, and shall only add, that this delightful work most richly merits the patronage of all genuine lovers of the fine arts.

Anstey's New Bath Guide. A new edition, with biographical and topographical preface, and anecdotal annotations. By John Britton, F.S.A. Embellished with engravings.—London, Hurst Chance and Co.

EVERY body knows the Bath-guide; it has gone through at least twenty editions. It is a satire on manners, and is always styled by the small critics ‘playful and polished.’ We confess the polish is so fine as always to have escaped our observation. It is a curious book, however, full of familiar drollery, and written we believe by a respectable gentleman, though not of a very refined school; the present edition, which owes its attraction chiefly to the illustrations, is by much the best that we have seen. That very offensive stanza in Miss Prudence's letter to Lady Betty giving an account of her election to methodism by a vision, is omitted; so might the stars be which supply its place. The wood engravings at the beginning, by Williams, are truly admirable: broad and clear and full of humour. Of the copper etchings by Cruikshank, we do not think so highly. This artist, though undoubtedly a droll dog, is somewhat over-rated.—The English have so little fun in their own composition that they cannot estimate the shades of it in other men, at all; with them it is a broad grin or nothing. In Ireland we are more familiar with the commodity, and therefore more delicate in our perceptions of its excellence. Apropos of Bath, a new book of verses called ‘Eight Letters from Bath, by the Fidget family,’ has recently appeared: it is a poor performance both as to satire and verse-making. In fact the glory has departed from the city of king Bladud, it waves its ‘high and palmy state’ no more, and scarcely affords *material* for even a skilful satirist to display his powers. The Fidget family seems modelled on the Fudge family for its plan, but the wit and poetry are wanting. By the bye our readers are, perhaps, not aware that Anstey, whose book is at the head of this notice,